

HAZEL GREEN HERALD

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VOL. III.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KY., FRIDAY JANUARY 6, 1888.

NO. 44.

ISAAC W. MAPEL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
AND REAL ESTATE AGENT,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.
Will practice in all the courts of Wolfe,
Powell, Monroe and Breathitt counties.
Titles examined; abstracts furnished; tax-
es paid for non-residents; real estate bought
and sold. Collections a specialty.

JOHN H. EVANS,

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Examiner of Depositions
for Wolfe county,

Respectfully solicits the patronage of the
public, and will attend promptly to all busi-
ness entrusted to his care.

W. T. SWANGO,

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Deputy County Court Clerk of Wolfe,

Will attend to all business entrusted to him
with promptness and dispatch.

BAKER & BACK,

Attorneys-at-Law,

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Breathitt County, KENTUCKY.

JO. C. LYKINS,

County Attorney, Real Estate Agent

and Notary Public;
Practices in all Courts of Wolfe and Ad-
joining Counties, and Court of Appeals,
Manufacturers a Specialty.

CAMPBELL, WOLFE COUNTY, KY.

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WITH

Henry Knoefel & Co.,

210 W. Market St., LOUISVILLE, KY.,
Solicits the patronage of Eastern Kentucky
for Blank Books, Blanks, etc.

P. T. PIRATE HOUSE,

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EZEL MORGAN COUNTY, KY.

The house is new and newly furnished
throughout. Fare, first-class and charged
reasonable. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Good stable in connection,
and special care taken of horses.

At my store will be found a general
stock of merchandise at lowest prices.
Stop at my hotel and buy goods at my
store. If you wish to save money, "see."

COMBS HOUSE,

CAMPBELL, KY.

S. S. COMBS, Proprietor.

The patronage of the traveling public is
respectfully solicited. Table the best, and
every attention for the comfort of guests.

J. R. TUGGLE,

W. F. G. Ringgold & Co.,
JOHNSON OF

Boots and Shoes,
95 and 97 WEST PEARL STREET,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

I have located
at Eel, More
handsome line
of Clocks, Jew-
elry and Watches. Also a fine line Spec-
tacles and Eye-glasses. Will sell goods at
city prices and guarantee satisfaction. Be-
particular a specialty and work performed.

Respectfully, etc., T. F. CARR.

H. J. CLARKE,
WITH

Sievers-Carson
HARDWARE CO.

637 West Main Street,
LOUISVILLE.

Abe Bloch & Co.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
Men's, Youths', Boys' and
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122 Vine Street,
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LOUIS STIX & CO.,
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DRY : GOODS.

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Of Every Description, on short
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Of all kinds done with neatness and dis-
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J. L. Dunlap, J. R. Dunlap, W. G. Barrett.

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Wholesale Manufacturers of

SADDLERY,
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AND DEALERS IN

SADDLERY HARDWARE,

728 and 730 W. Main St.,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

represented by BOB NUNNELLY

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Exchange : Bank : of : Kentucky,

ESTABLISHED IN 1856.

Capital Stock, \$100,000.00

Surplus, \$15,412.28

Does a general banking business, and is
the only bank in the city that sells Foreign
Exchange.

Prompt attention given to the collection
of debts, and the parageage of the people
of the mountain counties is especially so.

Heated. J. G. THIMBLE, President.

LESLIE THOMSON, Cashier.

—ME. STERLING, KY.—

D. L. LANCELL'S

ASTHMA

AND

CATARRH

REMEDY.

SOLOD ALL DRUGGISTS.

Having prepared a new and better life
and death with ASTHMA or PHTHISIS,

treated by eminent physicians, and recov-
ering no benefit, I was compelled during the

last 5 years of my illness to sit on a chair

and never left home but in a chair. My

formers were beyond description. In despair

I experimented on myself by compounding

roots and inhalations the medicine thus

prepared I discovered the wonder-
ful CURE FOR ASTHMA AND CATARRH,

warranted to receive the most satis-
factory and reliable physicians of this

country and Germany; tried the elixir of

different States—nothing afforded relief like

your preparation.

I, J. P. M. Griggs, Ohio, write:

"Suffered with Asthma 40 years. Your medi-
cine in 3 minutes does more for me than the
most eminent physician did for me in three

years."

H. C. Phlepton, Joliet, Ill., writes: "Send
Catarrh Remedy at once. Cannot get along
without it. I find it to be the most valuable
medicine I ever used."

We have many other hearty testimonials
of cure or relief, and in order that all sufferers

from Asthma, Catarrh, Hay Fever, and
kindred diseases may have the value of the
medicine at a reasonable price, we will

send to any address TRIAL PACKAGE

FREE OF CHARGE. If you are dissatisfied

with it, return it, and we will refund your
money in full."

Write your name and address plain,

Address, J. ZIMMERMAN, Prop.,

Wholesale Druggist, Winter, Wayne Co.,

Ohio. Full size box by mail \$1.00

ALL OVER THE WORLD IN A WEEK.

—AND—

J. C. Waller, his wife and

two children, who went to the Philippines,

to the Congo country to take part in

Bishop Taylor's "self-supporting missionary"

scheme, have returned and are in New York.

Mr. Waller describes the enterprise as a

complete failure, and thinks he was lucky to

escape alive. He says there is no chance for

missionary work, as the struggle for ex-
istence occupies all the time of the unfortunate

members of the colony. The climate
breeds sickness; the soil is not productive,

and white men can not endure the necessary

labor. The mission is not well managed.

Supplies are inadequate. The steamer which

cost Americans so much money is lying a

wreck on the banks of the river. If Christians

would help the heathen at home they

would do good.

Senator Beck expresses the

following to the tariff reduction: "It is im-
possible to tell much about it. The measure

must originate in the House. I can't tell

what Randall will do. The House Democ-
rats have as yet had no conference with

the senators on the subject. I don't think

any thing can be determined till the Ways

and Means Committee is made up, of course,

the men at the head of that commit-
tee will have charge of the tariff measure.

Our committee, Senators Kenn, Hearst

and others, are ready for a conference. I

think they will be in session in the

tariff committee, of sixty to seventy and

perhaps a hundred million of revenue. It

ought to be the latter figure, I think. The

reductions will be on

the office of Register of Deeds.

At Georgetown, Ala., on Sat-
urday night during a watch meeting at the

colored Baptist church, the floor gave way

and four persons were killed.

The late William Hilton, of

Boston, left \$300,000 each to his wife and

daughter, and bequeathed \$50,000 to edu-
cational and missionary societies.

At Lexington, John McKen-
na, while repairing a pump, fell fifty feet

down a well containing ten feet of water,

but was rescued by men close at hand.

Two New Jersey girls, dis-
satisfied with the money they made teach-
ing, invested \$1,000 in poultry. The first

year their profits were \$1,000, the second \$3,000.

The Richmond Register is

away off in geography. It places Farmers

Station in Fayette county, and locates H.

W. T. Taublin in the Ninth instead of Tenth

district.

Joe Blackburn denies that

he has cancer of the stomach, and Stoddard

Johnson says if there is anything the matter

with the Senator's internal organization, it is

a type of whooping up things.

The Kentucky Legislature

will find it about as hard to get clear of local

legislation as it has been to move the capi-
tal. Everybody says yes, but a majority

still votes no.—Lexington Observer.

Congressman Yoder secured

for Colonel Samuel E. Mott of St. Marys,

Ohio, who served during the war as Colonel

of the One Hundred and Eighteenth Ohio,

a pension of \$30 per month, and arrearages

amounting to \$4,250.

The Court of Appeals has

affirmed the verdict of the lower court in

the case of young Fitzgerald, who shot and

killed Tim Hall, at Georgetown, some time

ago. Unless pardoned he will have to serve

thirteen years in the penitentiary.

C. H. Callon, of the Greenup

County Democrat, will contest the election

of E. R. Burdick, a U. S. storekeeper, in

the distillery of Curley & Co., at the mouth

of Little Hickman creek, in Jessamine

county, Friday. Callon fired three empty

chambers. No one witnessed the difficulty.

Miss Phoebe Cousins has an-

nounced that she will be an independent

Prohibition candidate for Governor of Mis-
souri in the coming campaign. Miss Cousins

recently vacated the office of Marshal of the

eastern district of Missouri, which she suc-
cessfully managed for several months after

the death of her father.

The steamer Oceanic arrived

at San Francisco from China and Japan

December 25th, and was placed in quar-
antine, as two cases of small-pox were dis-
covered among the Chinese steerage passengers.

The papers and mails were fumigated and

removed.

Owing to cold weather the

mails were delayed at nearly all points on

December 27th, but Cincinnati, Officer

Ben Hill's wife presented him with "two

of them" on schedule time.

The City Council of Atlanta

fixed \$1,500 as the cost of a retail liquor

seller's license. The ordinance restricts a-
sents to certain streets and provides for

strict regulation.

GEO. White, a drunken man,

shot Frank Conway, bar-keeper, at Rich-
mond, Dec. 28, during a quarrel about a

nicket. The shooter escaped and the shot-

man will die.

Write your name and address plain,

Address, J. ZIMMERMAN, Prop.,

Wholesale Druggist, Winter, Wayne Co.,

Ohio. Full size box by mail \$1.00

2001

Nearly all the beds in the several Cincinnati hospitals are filled with typhoid fever patients.

Albert Peters was hanged at Marietta, Ark., Friday, for the murder of Wm. Johnson in April, 1885.

Jno. Strickland pulled hemp

at Coway, Co., Dec. 30, for the murder of his stepmother in August last.

U. S. Marshal Gross thinks

"moonshining" in Kentucky will be over

soon.

Joseph Zeigler, policeman,

shot and killed at Evansville, Ind., Friday.

The Ohio river is frozen over

from Pittsburg to Louisville, and the rail-

roads are inadequate to supply coal.

St. Joseph, the tenth county

to vote prohibition in Michigan, last week

defeated the saloons by 1,400 majority.

A woman living in Watkins-

ville, Ga., has become the mother of five

children within the last eleven months.

Win. Finchum was swung

into space at Harrisonburg, Va., Friday, for

the murder of his brother, whom he made

drunk for that purpose.

The Ohio river is frozen over

from Pittsburg to Louisville, and the rail-

roads are inadequate to supply coal.

The cause of the catastrophe was by an

error of Shrum, of No. 2, mistaking the word

"Summit" for "Somerset," and he is said

to be insane over the discovery, but the

railroad company is the more to blame for

allowing the engine to be on the tracks

so close together.

A lady was born at the same time

as the wife of Frank Brown, and while

the family were at dinner he stopped down

and out of the coffin, put on his every day

clothes and played about as was his wont,

for two or three hours, when he went dead

again, the last time for "keeps."

The story may be true, but it sounds like Mullahan

or a Michigan lie.

At Mt. Sterling, Sunday, the

steam laundry and two dwelling houses ad-

joining were destroyed by fire. The loss of

the laundry is especially severe on the town.

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, KENTUCKY.

THE RIVER OF DREAMS.

There's a river that flows to a lullaby song,
That never was set on an earthly time;
There the days are bright, and the years are long;

Forever summer, and always June;

And the sun of the morning abhors the streams;

And we call it the beautiful River of Dreams.

Ah! never a mortal foot bathes

Its flowing borders, green and low;

But we swim in its untroubled flow;

The fair flow loses of the long ago—

Yon'th's argosies, by the sweet winds blown—

Sail softly on to the port Unknown.

For the vanished joys of our lives are there—

The bright thoughts that were ours of old,

Our bright thoughts, that were ours of old;

Had doted and tarnished their virgin gold—

Had burned to ashes the hope and trust

Of the loves and faiths that are dead and dust.

In most cases it is the same;

The path that leads to the river side;

And only in vision, and far away,

We see its mystical waters glide;

But flowing, gurgling, measured along—

With a sound that is like the song long;

And keeping weary, spent and blind;

With hearts that fail, and feet that fall,

We know, O, Brothers, we yet shall find

The path that leads within the vast,

And, then, when we find the path, we'll stay,

We'll come to the river bank, some day!

We shall drift away with the golden tide;

Through dancing ripples and sunny foam,

To the land of the leaf and the glorified,

For the River of Dreams, with a surging song

That catch to us, who's whole lives long,

That leads us into the Heavenly light.

—Emma Alice Benge, in *S. P. Ledger*.

A Brother's Keeper.

A WOMAN'S WORK OF LOVE AND DUTY.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "CRAZE OF DOOM," "STEPHEN GUTHRIE," "THE LONE MAN'S CABIN," AND OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER I.

URLEY stepped out in the February dusk after spending a few hours in his house over between the hills and the western sky, and he paused a moment, as he often did, to look it with some interest.

"Oh, yes, when you're a brother, and I begin our housekeeping, I'll help him to farm."

"I wonder who Thorney is?" thought Urley.

"Thorney is my brother," she continued.

"He is two years older than I am. He is working for a farmer across Black Hollow, and saving all his money."

"The being the case," observed the young man, smiling, "the will soon be a young man."

"Oh, no," she replied, with pleased sincerity.

"But it is nice to be really working toward an object."

At that moment a rap resounded on the door of the sitting-room. There were no bells in the Holmes' house, so the new-comer was distinctly visible to Urley as soon as the door opened to admit him. Urley stepped right in, having passed most of his time with his father and housekeeper, but all this made him feel cool and tasteless.

"I do love to handle things about a house," she said, partially to herself.

"Thorney is your brother, perhaps?" said Urley.

"It isn't my fate, then. It teach the school in this district, you know," she explained.

"Oh," remarked Urley, to show that his impression was correct.

"Yes, but when Thorney and I begin our housekeeping, I'll help him to farm."

"I wonder who Thorney is?" thought Urley.

"Thorney is my brother," she continued.

"He is two years older than I am. He is working for a farmer across Black Hollow,

and saving all his money."

"The being the case," observed the young man, smiling, "the will soon be a young man."

"Oh, no," she replied, with pleased sincerity.

"But it is nice to be really working toward an object."

Urley took off his coat, and crossed the unwarmed slope of his meadow to spend an hour with an old chum whose homestead lay on the border of the hill region. He reached the muddy road, and a few turns brought him to the gate which opened to Tom Holmes' house. Urley stepped out with the staff pillars the path to the house. It was a stanch homestead, covered with knotty elbows of the trumpet vine. The sitting-room was a room of beauty with firelight, and he ascended the wooden steps at half-side and confidently knocked.

But two or three knocks brought no response, and, after waiting, Urley opened the door and went in.

The room was in a receptive attitude toward chance comers; chairs stood grouped for conversation; a platter of apples and a pile of plates and silver knives were on the table; the rug was a great cushion and the walls hung with hunting sticks. The whole room suggested invisible presence that Urley felt convinced he should find at home at family. He threw the end of his cigar in the fire, and—having the roses of his life to him—sat down and another door into the kitchen. It was still warm with suggestions of the past supper; little breathes in the dark. The door closed behind him, and he turned to open the screen door, a red of light to paste him venture ahead and lift a hand which gave entrance to the collar.

"It's Randy, of course," said Urley. "Is that you, Randy? I thought you were fallen?"

At the foot of the stairs was a girl looking up. She had Tom Holmes' toddling club by one hand, and with the other lifted a candle to her face. "There every morning and her hair cutting away from an eager face. Her throat showed white above her black dress, even in shadow, and her sleeves were tucked above elbows soft and round. A large calico apron almost covered

the two looked steadily at each other a moment, as at the top, she at the foot of the stairs. Being a stranger, Urley gestured at once the sorrowful curve of mouth which she had caused from eyes.

"Beg pardon," said he, hat in hand.

"They've gone to church," said the girl.

"I heard you and thought it was Mr. McArchie."

"Gurley, of the Mounds farm. I hope I haven't startled you a little while they were home. Tom and I are keeping the house. I promised to take care of him and strain the milk."

Toddy, recognizing a play-fellow at the foot of the stairs, shook a tin mug and uttered remarks in a dialect peculiar to himself.

"May I come down and help you?" inquired the boy. "An offer," he thought, "if you would let me."

"If you would please lift the pails it would be a help," she replied. "Toddy's been stepping on my dress."

"I have just come down and they went back to the milk cellar. The cows and pigs were already in line, and along this line they progressed. Gurley carrying the pails and she the huge milk-strips."

Toddy, suddenly impelled, his mouth was shut as with a seal. "The wind has started out on my arms under the weight of the flowing liquid, but she attended to this most pastoral employment in pastoral quiet. The cows were in a swinging line, and the pigs were in a line, and along this line they progressed. Gurley carrying the pails and she the huge milk-strips."

"And Gurley's why he intended himself?" thought Gurley. He watched his classmate's eyes.

"'Cause he's got a wife under the rind," suggested Gurley.

"'Cause he's got a wife under the rind," repeated McArchie, polishing an axe he had been using.

"'Cause he's got a wife under the rind," suggested Gurley.

"'Cause he's got a wife under the rind," repeated McArchie, his face red with anger.

"'Cause he's got a wife under the rind," repeated Gurley.

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HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, - KENTUCKY.

GOOD-BYE, OLD YEAR.

Al! the year is growing old,
And his days are nearly told;
He has poured into our gardens all his treasures,
—his mind.

And he says—“I am weary—

Earth has grown so cold and dreary—

—I must seek away and rest. I am growing very old.

And we mourners sit in peace,

You shall find swift release

With the years of all the ages, where earth's

silence surges cease;

Yea—“the very hard to part—

You have entered into our heart—

—We shall miss you, dear old friend, still we bid you go in peace.”

—Little Gray.

A GRATEFUL SAVAGE.

My Great-Grandmother's New Year's Call.

Almost every child has a grandmother, but not many have a great-grandmother, a grandmother's mother. I have and she is the dearest old lady in the world.

She wears a black gown, a little white muslin handkerchief over her shoulders, and a white lace cap over her brown frayed front. All old ladies used to wear.

She has fine grey eyes, and nice teeth—all her own, too—and is ninety years old. She reads the papers, and knows all that is going on and worries over the accidents just as much as if her own folks were in them.

She is fond of politics, for she and grandfather—dead this thirty years—used to keep a roadside tavern, where all the famous lawyers stopped on their way to H—, where the county court was held. Daniel Webster had stopped at the tavern, and many other distinguished men.

Grandma loves to tell of those days while she knits in the firelight. She moves her needles as swift as a machine, and can knit in the dark. She taught me to knit, too; but I think she found a stupid pupil, though she never said so. She does all kinds of knitting: scarfs, mittens, wristers and stockings, and when she was young she used to weave, and made her own linen for sheets and bedding when she was married.

Once grandma visited Boston; only thirteen she was, yet remembers every detail of her visit. Her uncle, an ex-Governor, gave grand balls and parties, and this silly little country girl had a glimpse of the same manners and gay life of Boston's old aristocracy.

But she loved the country best, and married a neighbor's son, and went with him to an unbroken forest was up in the north of Maine, and lived a pioneer life, in all its hardships of want and cold.

She had eight children, and made every stitch of their clothing, as well as her husband's, and taught them, too. There was no school-house near, and her only book was the Bible, and out of this they learned to read and spell. She had all the work a farmer's wife must do, and I fancy knew little rest. There are few such workers nowadays.

Grandma's best stories are about Indians. There were roving bands of them in Maine fifty and sixty years ago, and some times they were not peacefully disposed, especially when farms were isolated and far from neighbors' help. How many times they plundered and burned, and how many families they murdered and scalped, will never be known; for who could tell, in the depths of a forest, what a blackened clearing meant? It might be only a place burned by those mysterious forest fires; who was to know it was the ashes of a once happy home?

A few years ago grandma was down to our house on her regular winter's visit, and she found us girls much excited about New Year's calls. In a small country town, few people receive calls on New Year's Day, but another had not done so since we were too little to remember. The last day of the old year we were talking with grandma in the hour before tea, when it was too dark to read or sew, and too light for lamps. Of course grandma was knitting, this time a big pair of mittens for an old man that used to saw wood for us. Grandma had noticed his mittens were ragged, and finding he had no one to care for him, took it upon herself, and gave him three pairs of good yarn stockings before she went away, and he said:

“Now marm, you be one of the good old-fashioned sort, the Lord reward ye.”

“You never heard about my New Year's call, did you, girls?” said grandma.

“No,” we cried, eagerly.

“Was it in Boston, at the Governor's?” asked Jen.

“It must have been grand there,” said Mamie, half-timidly.

“No,” replied grandma, smiling on

pretty Mamie. “It was in the first days of my married life. I was married, you know, when I was only seventeen. I stayed at home with mother that year; then Joseph and I, and your great uncle Rufus, a two-months-old baby, moved up to the north of where we'd been living and pretty nigh on the borders of Canada.

“We were twenty miles from neighbors, and found our way to them by spotted trees—trees we marked, you know, for the woods are confusing.

“It was lonely like for me; but Joseph seldom left the farm, and then only to go to the mill, thirty miles away, to get our corn and wheat ground.

“I used to be afraid sometimes, for the circuit-riders—preachers that traveled round and did much good—would stop over night and tell us stories about the Indians, and sometimes I'd see the red creatures hiding in the woods, trying to steal a cow or calf. Joseph always went armed, to be ready for 'em.

“The winters were terribly cold there, and I used to pity the squaws and children that would come our way, and they were always welcome to a shelter in my house, and the men, too, if they were peaceable, for husband didn't believe in aggravating 'em.

“Well, the New Year's Day of the first twelve months we'd lived there, Joseph went to the mill with a load.

“He couldn't get back that night for the wolves were thick in winter and fierce with hunger, and I'd much rather he'd stop over. Besides, traveling is hard and the wagon heavy.

“I watched him drive off, feeling down-hearted enough. After he'd locked back and put on his hat, I went in with baby and had a good cry. Then I reasoned myself out of my fears, and did up my work a-singing to the baby.

“I got the cows milked and fed, and locked the barn; then, before I shut the door for the night, I took a good look around at the trees. It was getting dark, and there were queer shadows in the woods, and I felt more scared than ever.

“After the baby was asleep, it was lonesome enough sitting there before the fire, and the tall candle seeming to burn dimmer than usual. I kept thinking I heard steps outside, and the icy snow cracking, and sometimes I shook with dread and fear.

“At last I got up, thinking it was moonlight and I'd feel better if I looked out the window. I raised the curtain, and, dear oh! there was an Indian's face pressed close against the pane.

“All painted hideous was he, with red and blue, and a terribly ugly feather on his head and a long gun, and was rigged out for fighting.

“I thought I should die, but I didn't scream, though I knew the door had no fastering than a bar of wood that could break.

“In a minute he came to the door, pushing hard against it, and the bar snapped like a twig.

“In he came. Over six feet high he was, and seemed to me the biggest man I ever saw. He was wrapped in a blanket, and had clothes made of skins on. He had the long gun and a big knife with him.

“I caught up the baby and ran behind the bed. He took scarcely any notice of me, however, but shut the door, and went and layed it down. Then he hauled the quilt off the bed, and fixed it over the window.

“I held my breath, wondering what he meant to do.

“The baby, waking up, gave a little cry, and he turned and drew his knife across his throat, meaning, I thought, by threat, to kill the child.

“I hustled the little one to sleep again, and he, dragging his blanket before the fire, sat down all in a heap, grunting like a pig, from comfort. I crouched behind the bed and watched him.

“Then he pointed to his mouth, to tell me he was hungry. The victualls were down in the cellar, and I didn't go and leave him with the baby. But he kept a-pointing and getting mad; so, at last, I mustered courage, and took the candle and brought up a great milk-pan full of doughnuts, a piece of pork, and a jug of vinegar—that was all we had.

“Bless me, how the creature did eat! Every doughnut went into him, then the pork raw, and washing it down with the vinegar, as if it had been sweater than new cider.

“When he was through, he went to the door, and listened awhile; then he went back to the fire, and went to sleep.

“I set behind the bed, trembling and watching him. Just think, girls, how you would have felt there alone with that heathen, that couldn't talk your language, and that you couldn't say a word to; and alone in the woods where he could kill you, and no one to help you.

“I prayed to myself, and, by and by, crept over and got my Bible, and read it. After a spell, I looked up, and there he was, sitting and watching me

with a kind of wondering awe on his face.

“Then he got up and listened at the door again. Quick as a flash, he blew out the candle, and flattened the fire with a log.

“I wondered what he meant to do in the dark, and I hugged the baby closer, and it cried a little, and he turned and laid his big hand over its mouth. He meant me to keep it still.

“He stood there listening, listening. Then he bent his ear to the floor, and backed me. I dared not draw back; besides, if he wanted to murder me, he'd chances enough before.

“So I went to the door and listened too, floating to me through the faint—what was that the howls of the hungry wolves, or the faint echo of a yell. An Indian yell of war, more horrible than any animal's that ever was.

“It seemed to come nearer and nearer, and I could hear him breathe in the dark. It was so quiet in the woods sounds echoed for miles.

“After what seemed an hour to me, but couldn't have been more than ten minutes, the yell grew fainter and further off.

“He turned from the door then, and piling more logs on the fire, laid down and went to sleep.

“I set there and watched him through that terrible night of the New Year, till daylight. I'll never forget it, and see myself now sitting in the firelight, looking at him sleeping on the floor, and rocking the baby to keep it from waking him.

“At daylight he waked up, stretched himself; then he looked at me, holding his baby. I glared at him, and there was two baby's. I'd knit for Rufus. Two baby's before he'd sleep at night.

“He gave me his bed before I'd get up, and, after I'd washed, and made her stay till he was well, and when she went away I dressed the baby in Rufus' clothes—socks and all—for she had a dreadful carelessness of clothing it.

“She was mighty pleased, and smiled with her white teeth, and her black eyes—like a bird's—dancing with the pride all mothers have.

“‘Ump, papoose,’ he says, and picks up his gun and blanket, and went out.

“Then I knew. He was a friendly Indian, and most likely that baby's father.

“In the afternoon I saw Joseph coming on horseback at a gallop, with his face as white as chalk. He thought he'd find the house burned, and me and my baby killed.

“He didn't know how overjoyed he was when he saw us in the door.

“The Indians had burned seven or eight lonely farm-houses like ours, and killed the people, and, driving the cattle, had made their escape into Canada.

“I told Joseph about the Indian, and we both agreed he'd come out of gratitude to save me, and while I was gazing at him, he was staying to protect me from the rest.

“That girls,” said grandma, folding up her knitting as the bell rang for tea and smiling on us all—“that was my first and last New Year's call.”

—Patience Stapleton, in *Golden Days*.

An Immense Lawyer's Fee.

One of the biggest lawyer's fees on record was that received by Thomas Williams, a '9er, of California. He was the attorney of a mining company that had the whole state, escaped into Canada.

“We all both agreed he'd come out of

gratitude to save me, and while I was gazing at him, he was staying to protect me from the rest.

“That girls,” said grandma, folding up her knitting as the bell rang for tea and smiling on us all—“that was my first and last New Year's call.”

—Patience Stapleton, in *Golden Days*.

Business is Business.

Employer—Are your books balanced, Mr. Smith?

Mr. Smith (the book-keeper)—No, there is a discrepancy of two cents in Blank & Co.'s account in our favor, and that must be settled before I can strike a balance.

Employer—Have you written them?

Mr. S.—Several times.

Employer—Well, write them again and inclose stamp for a reply. That ought to fetch them. Two cents are not much, but they are worth as much as to us and Blank & Co.—*Tid-Bits*.

—Hello, been out to the races? said one scely-looking individual to another. “I was.” “How did you go?” “Had a great turn-out.” “Is that straight?” “Of course.” The policeman put me out of the group, because I didn't have a badge.”

—*Markham Traveler.*

—“Hello, been out to the races?”

—“I was.” “How did you go?” “Had a great turn-out.” “Is that straight?” “Of course.” The policeman put me out of the group, because I didn't have a badge.”

—*Markham Traveler.*

TEMPERANCE.

A "BIT OF FUN."

How a Young Lady Was Saved from becoming a Drunkard's Wife.

There is no lovelier village in the Empire State than Franconia, though that is not its *real* name, neither shall I give the real names of the characters who all figure in the following story, though they are *real* people and yet upon the stage of action.

“I am so very mother dear, that Mary is so deceived in young Morton,” said Henry Golding, as he came into Mrs. Golding's pleasant parlor, one summer evening.

“What do you mean, my son?” asked the mother, looking up from her sewing. “I had always supposed that Mr. Morton was a gentleman. He certainly belongs to one of our best families.”

“That is true, mother dear, but this ‘gentleman,’ of one of our first families, is at this very moment half-drunk at the hotel and acting like a fool.”

“‘Harry’ are you not misinformed?” said the mother, looking up with a horrified expression.

“My eyes do not deceive me, mother,” the son replied. “I have known Morton's failing for a long time, but Mary is not as a rock. She will not believe any thing to the prejudice of her lover.”

Mrs. Golding was sorely troubled.

“Drunkardness is such a shameful vice,” she said. “When a man once degrades himself so much, what can restore him? To think of our sweet Mary a drunkard's wife! Oh! I can not, nor can bear it.” And the tears fell plentifully.

“Do not distress yourself, mother,” said the young man. “Perhaps we can save her.”

“Sister Molly,” he called up the stairway, for Mary was writing in her room. “Won't you please come and walk with your poor, tired brother this evening? The moon will soon be up, and the air is delightful.”

“Yes, Harry, I will come,” said the young girl, tripping down the stairs with a scarf thrown lightly about her shoulders. “Poor boy! He confines himself too closely to business.”

The brother and sister sauntered slowly down the village street.

“The moonlight is so beautiful upon the water, sister. We will go down to the river-side. See, Anna is just peeping above the tree-tops. How beautiful!

But something else just then attracted Mary Golding's attention.

They were passing the hotel, and she heard her lover's voice amidst the drunken clamor which filled the air.

“Could that be Clarence Morton?”

In the glare of the light she could see distinctly a tall, graceful young man, tossing glass after glass of brandy down his throat. She heard profane and ribald words, such as she had never heard before, spoken in his well-known voice. “Harry! do you see? Do you hear?” she gasped, clutching his arm for support. “Merciful Heaven! can that be Clarence Morton?”

“My dear sister, this is no new thing,” said his brother, clasping his arm about her. “I have seen this too often to be surprised. Poor Clarence! What can he be thinking of to destroy himself?”

“And not only that, but do you see the same about him? I am sorry to see my dear brother, but I must go home.” And Mary Golding turned her steps homeward.

The moonlight upon the waters was forgotten, and Harry Golding was singing a glad to Deum in his heart that at last his loved sister saw her lover as others saw him.

A tall, broad-shouldered young man passed them as they walked silently along.

“Whither away, Barton? An armful of books, as usual,” said Harry Golding. “Do you never rest?”

“Never before I am weary,” replied the young man, bowing respectfully to Miss Mary. “I hope to graduate this term.”

“A splendid young man,” said Harry Golding to his sister when Mr. Barton had passed out of hearing. “He will make his mark in the world.”

But Mary's heart was too full to heed her brother's words.

The studious young man had shown her much attention, but her heart had been pre-occupied and she scarcely knew him.

Clarence Morton was greatly astonished when, at his next visit to his betrothed wife, she gave him back his ring, saying:

“All is ended between us. I saw you last evening at the hotel.”

He knew too well that remonstrance or entreaty was useless, and left growling that it was “deuced hard if a young fellow couldn't have a bit of fun.”

The “bit of fun” lasted through Clarence Morton's worthless life, and he died unlaunched and scarcely known, while the penniless young student had been for years one of the leading citizens of Franconia. Mary Golding has for more than a score of years

been the happy wife of Judge Barton, and has never ceased to be grateful for the success of her brother's stratagem.

—Mrs. E. J. Richmond, in *National Temperance Advocate*.

IN ONE CITY.

A Minister's Figure—Between \$16,000 and \$20,000,000 a Year for Liquor.

What do you suppose is the annual saloon bill of Brooklyn? You will hardly believe until I prove it to you. It is between sixteen and twenty millions of dollars. A sum so vast that we must needs break it up into smaller parts.

First, let me show you how I reach the result. There are only little less than 3,000 licensed saloons in Brooklyn. This is under and not an exact figure, but to put these three thousand saloons at \$15 per day make a grand total of \$16,425,000 per annum.

This is easily within the lines. It is more likely \$20,000,000. Now, in order to get this enormous amount of money before you, I present you this table. This enormous sum of money represents the following values:

20,000 bbls. flour at \$6	\$120,000
150,000 overcoats at \$5	750,000
200,000 pairs stockings at \$2	400,000
200,000 pairs pants and shorts at \$2	400,000
300,000 yards of cloth at \$1	300,000
40,000 yards of flannel at 25 cents	10,000
50,000 yards of silk at 50 cents	25,000
50,000 yards of muslin at 25 cents	12,500
50,000 yards of calico at 25 cents	12,500
50,000 yards of muslin at 25 cents	12,500
50,000 yards of calico at 25 cents	12,500
Build this new church at \$5,000,000	5,000,000
Build 100 libraries at \$25,000	250,000
Build a public hall for aged and infirm at \$100,000	100,000
Build a church museum	100,000

Total \$26,525,000.

Now let us suppose that the city of Brooklyn should receive every year an order to manufacture the above articles of food and build every year the number of school-houses, churches, asylums, homes, museums, and furnish the stipulated number of library books, instead of the order to sell so much liquor, what would not be the added prosperity of our city?—*Irish Word.*

Drunkenness and Labor Troubles.

Mr. Powderly, in a recent interview in the New York *World*, is reported as saying: “There is no disgrace deeper and more marked than the disgrace that hovers around the drunkard. They impose upon us in the order. They bring us on trouble between employers and honest working-men. They go to work drunk, are discharged, and sobering up, they appear before their assemblies and present their grievances. But one side is hard, and the other is soft. Are we justified in keeping such imposters with us? Can we excuse men who willfully neglect their duty as employees and as willfully delude their brother-workmen? Yet I myself am called upon frequently to take a hand in the settlement of labor troubles attributable to this cause. Recently I had occasion to interfere in a dispute of large proportions, wherein the hands sought to sustain one of their number who had been discharged. He had represented himself as a badly-treated man, and had so worked upon the feelings of his fellows that they supported him at a sacrifice of work and pay. What did he do to cause a discharge? He went his way in a strange place, and it fell down in a tub of valuable liquid, spoiling it. Was that a case to make a fight on? I think not.”

“As I have said before, the ron habit is one of our greatest enemies, and until we get it under control we will have an uphill struggle to sustain our working-men. That is all that I am an outcast, but in one thing I wish to be. If my work should be law there would be no more intemperance, and with no more intemperance there would soon be fewer labor troubles.”

It Kills Presence of Mind.

An authority on the subject of the effects of alcohol on the human system says:

“A man who takes a little wine under the notion that he is going to be strengthened by it and brought up for a special effort is entirely at sea, because there is nothing that so completely disturbs the functions as to produce disorder of mind like strong drink. I do not care whether we go to the rifle or to rowing, or to an operation performed by a surgeon, or to drive an engine or a coach, or to ride in a race, or to conduct an orchestra—wherever presence of mind is required—all through we never get any thing but embarrassment from alcohol. Those most ready for emergencies are those most free from a substance which produces much disturbance. The reason is clear. The physiological effect is to relax, to destroy tension to take power from every part of the body.”

TEMPERANCE text-books are furnished by the United States Government for all the schools in Alaska, and teachers are required to teach them regularly.

To Denver in One Night.

On December 4, 1887, the Burlington, C. B. & Q. R. R., inaugurated a trans-continental service as follows: Fast express train grows out of Chicago at 11 A. M. and arrives at Union depots, Cincinnati, and Adams street, Chicago, at 12:30 P. M. daily and runs to Denver gold, arriving at 10:00 P. M. daily. The train leaves Chicago at 10:00 P. M. and arrives at Denver in thirty-four hours. This train arrives at Omaha at 6:30 A. M. and arrives at Ogallala at noon. Two cars, Corresponding fast train from Denver to Chicago. Direct connection made to and from St. Louis in these trains. The train will run fast between the D. & R. G. R. for San Francisco and Pacific coast points. Superb equipment on all cars. The train will consist of a train of sleeping cars and coaches, from Chicago to Omaha and Cigdego to Denver without change. Motor cars will run on the Burlington road and the cars will run West as the Missouri River. Omaha passengers will be allowed to remain in their cars, and the cars will be run to the points where tickets run via the C. B. & Q. R. R. It can be obtained at the original ticket agent or its own offices or by mail. —
MONROE,
Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent,
Chicago, Ill.

A card of fine liquor has been known to develop into a case of delirium tremens.—
Washington Grid.

Just Hear This—Child Scream.

Said Mrs. Davis, with her song, Mrs. Davis, as the sound of a child's shrieks came across the garden from a neighbor's house. "What kind of a woman have you for a neighbor?" inquired a man. "A nice woman," replied Mrs. Davis. "She is one of the most tender mothers in existence. But you are not believed in the old-fashioned art of dressing. When a child needs physic, she fills a spoon with some nansies, dose, lays the little victim flat on the floor, and then forces the child to open his mouth for breath, when down goes the dreadful mess. Then come the fits, the fits, the fits, the fits, the fits. Why does she use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets? They are effective without being harsh, and are as easy to take as sugar candy. They are given to my children. And so on," said Mrs. Davis.

"Sir, every word you speak is a lie. Right you are, my pretty miss."—Flagode Dabber.

The Little Seal.

A little seal lay in the writer's pocket. A little seal stood in the strong wind's wrath; A little seal lay in the winter's blast.

A little seal started—twice only light.

A little pain came and began to grow.

The seal lay still, and then began to stretch.

Be wise in time. Check the little cough, cure the little chill, dispel the little pain;

the little pain imminent becomes the strong, invincible power. The seal lay still, and then began to move.

God's Medical Discovery, taken in time, is a remedy for these ill.

SEPARATING of internal machines, in the human organ included?

Fortune is Fickle.

Say the soldiers, but we have observed that fortune attends genuine men. She has been the friend of many a hero, and her Stomach Bitters from an early epoch in its career. That is because the American and English people are so fond of it, and that it really eradicates fever and ague, sickness and bladder complaints, dyspepsia, constipation, debility and nervous troubles.

It is the ambition of all Prussians to make their marks.—*Bodle Post*.

FOR COUGH AND THROAT DISORDERS USE DRAZON. "I have never changed my mind respecting this drug. I think that of that which I began thinking well of." —Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Sold only in boxes.

The last of him—the pumpkin. It's our human friend.—*Evening Post*.

The cleansing, antiseptic and healing qualities of Dr. Sage's Calumet are unquestioned.

Even at 67,000 a year a Judge's life is full of trials—*Advertiser & Magistrate*.

Complete Homeopathic Catalogue, send \$1 to J. P. GRIFFITH, M. D., 256 Main St., Cincinnati.

Not all men are heroes, but an old toper reminds us of a fly-noctis.—*Dalton Paraphrase*.

A DELICATE DEWATER man refuses to have his mother-in-law live with him, because she doesn't agree with him.—*Harper's Bazar*.

WHITE-WIRED man is one who invests in oil territory.—*Times-Advertiser*.

A MAN'S temper is one of the few things which improve by drunks.—*Boston Transcript*.

Our doesn't like to be stared in the face, especially, when it is victory that does it.—*Baird's Bazaar*.

The plan of the financially enterprising swain is "Love me little, love me short."—*St. Louis Post*.

What is a U. S. bond like a tavern? When it is called in.—*Times-Advertiser*.

A man's "on the sly" was asked the cause, and replied: "I tangle in my sleeves and I burst them!"

The waves of old ocean are by no means ready to sleep when they put their white caps on.—*N. Y. Post*.

The perfumed body of a man was found in a well in Iowa the other day. He might be called a well-preserved man, anyhow.—*Times-Advertiser*.

The new umbrella has a match box in the handle. Many nice parasols are made matching devices themselves.—*Dalton Paraphrase*.

A NUMBER of composers have been arrested in Vienna for being Anarchists. They were probably driven to it by editorials or political economy.—*Merchandise*.

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HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

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And Must Be Paid In Advance.

EASTERN KENTUCKY.

WHAT OUR NEIGHBORS ARE DOING.

Compiled by County Correspondents, and
Cut and Condensed from Our
Contemporaries.

MORGAN COUNTY.

Special Correspondence.]

GRASSY CREEK, Jan. 2.—Your correspondent, Blurt, who hails from East, accuses us of sending him a copy of his paper, and capturing one of his men, and says he hopes we will shed our wing feathers soon. Now, we have examined our letter of Dec. 19th, which he had reference to, and there is not a single item in it from his territory. We suppose he has referred to our paper, the *West Liberty*, Dave Blair, while Rose met with this creek, within three miles of this place, and was carried to his place of residence on this creek, and remains there yet. We think Blurt hardly knows where his territory, as he calls it, is. As to our feathers, we will tend to them, and try to drop them at the right time.

Yester correspondent spent several days at West Liberty last week, the guest of John Carter and wife. John is a good feeder and his wife is a splendid cook, consequently we like to stop with him. While at that point we met H. F. Picer, formerly of Hazel Green, but, at present a salesman for Cox & Co., of West Liberty. He was in town as usual, and inquiring about Hazel Green.

Married.—On the 29th at the residence of the bride's father, N. E. Fugate, C. C. Long to Miss Ann Fugate, Rev.—Campbell, of Wolfe county, officiating. The groom is a son of George Long, of Wolfe county, and is a nice young man. The bride is a lady and worthy of a good husband. We wish them success through life.

Attended A. M. Gose's court last Wednesday. There were several litigated cases before the court which it took two days to get through with. While there we met Judge Levi Kash, of Wolfe county, who was employed as an attorney for some of the litigants. The Judge is a man of good judgment.

P. C. Long, better known as Dick Phipps, passed through here last Friday on route home from Lexington, Ky. Dick says there is fair prospect for the extension of the Coal road to Hazel Green in the near future. We had rather see that to hear it talked of.

Wm. Toliver will erect a large store house at this place in the year future; Bill is a young man, and his son Alex, who is his sales-man, is a reader of THE HERALD; consequently we predict for him success.

Wm. Havens and Joe Stamper will start to Breckin county tomorrow to buy some hogs, and will drum for THE HERALD, also.

Old Uncle John Wheeler is not expected to live but a few days. He is very old, and is very low with fever.

Charles Clegg, who has been serving as minister in the U. S. Court at Covington, has returned home.

Silas Farnari and wife, of Hazel, were visiting relatives and friends in this locality last winter.

W. W. Ferguson, of San Jose, California, was here last week visiting relatives.

Wm. Fenix, of Frenchburg, was here last Thursday on business.

ON THE WING.

HAZEL, Jan. 2.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sample gave a New Years dinner Sunday, and those of this place who attended returned looking as though they had been well fed.

The Baptist Church, which formerly met at Flat Gap, near this place, will now on meet at the new church at this place, as they are assisted in building it.

James Dennis, one of the hunting company of this place, killed an owl last night, and it weighed one and a half feet from tip to tip of wings.

Students from all parts of the country came flocking in today to attend Mrs. Mary Nickell's Select School taught at this place.

George Niles, the colored school teacher in this vicinity, has bought a lot in town and will build on it in the spring.

W. B. Lykins is thinking of locating at West Liberty to practice law.

W. B. Lykins and wife are visiting relatives on Tom's Branch.

Mrs. J. M. Pieratt, of whom we wrote last week, is still quite ill.

Born—Last week to the wife of Granville Goad, a girl.

BLURT.

Read The Death Roll

Which the bills of mortality of any large city may be fully designated, and you will find that renal and vesical maladies, that is to say, those that affect the kidneys and bladder, are the most prominent, and are almost said—preponderance. Bright's disease and diabetes in the chronic stage are rarely cured, and gravel, catarrh of the bladder and enuresis, slay many. Yet at the outset, when the trouble merely amounts to inactivity of the organs involved, a simple and pleasant venereal tonic and diuretic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which imparts the requisite amount of tone to the organs, without over exciting them, and the use of which is convenient, and involves no elaborate preparation, Dyspepsia, a usual concomitant of renal complaints, and delirium, which is invariably produced, are remedied by it. So also are constipation, malarial, rheumatic and nervous ailments.

LEE COUNTY.

Special Correspondent.]

BEATTIVILLE, Ky., Dec. 29.—James K. Roberts returned this week from Frankfort and other points below. He tells that there is no doubt about the building of the Louisville, Cincinnati & Virginia railroad, now. There will be but a few hands put out on the road after the 1st January, and the work pushed rapidly.

Rev. F. Wilcox and Hart Witt, of Estill county, who have been working on the Episcopal school building at this place, are spending the holidays at their homes.

John Pryse and Misses Lee and Nancy Borden, of this place, are visiting friends at Estillburg and East Bernstein, Laurel county.

Thus Sewell, of Dayville, passed through town today on his return from Breathitt county, where he had been several days.

Hon. R. C. Hill, Representative-elect from this district, left last Tuesday for Frankfort, where the Legislature meets today.

An old house in Proctor was blown down a few days ago, killing three head of cattle that had gone into it for shelter.

Miss Alice Hogg and Laura Bullock of Booneville, of this place, were visiting Mrs. Ella Pryse, of this place, during the week.

Miss Lillie Walton, of Louisa, this county, was visiting friends here last week.

There is some talk of there being a Republican paper started at this place shortly.

Thus Johnson, of Wolfe county, was in attendance at County Court last day.

Deputy Collector, Hiram Hogg, of Booneville, was in town during the week.

The People's League of F. C. M. gave a meeting at the evening of 27th ult.

There was a Christmas tree at the Chapel, in Estillville, Wednesday night.

There was quite a large crowd in town Tuesday, Quarterly Court day.

Hon. David Pryse, of Estill county, was here County Court day.

The thermometer registered 9° below zero Thursday morning.

Geo. Maxwell, of Red River, was in Estillville this week.

J. W. Jamison came up from Ford a few days since.

Rohr Smith, of Irvine, was in town last week.

JOHN HENRY.

Enjoy Life.

What a truly beautiful world we live in! Nature gives us grandeur of mountains, plains and oceans, and thousands of means of enjoyment. We can desire no better when in perfect health; but how often do the majority of people feel like giving it up, dispirited, disengaged, and without any desire to live. There is no occasion for this feeling, as every sufferer can easily obtain satisfactory proof, that Green's August Flower, will make them free from disease, as when born. Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint are the greatest of such maladies in seventy per cent. of such individuals in business. Indigestion, SICK HEADACHE, Costiveness, Nervous Prostration, Dizziness of the Head, Palpitation of the Heart, and other distressing symptoms. Three doses of August Flower will prove its wonderful effect. Sample bottles, 10 cents. Try it.

He Laughs Best Who Laughs Last.

Hon. W. Pres. Toliver has been acquitted of all indirection in this little scandal in which it was published that there was a "woman in the case." The man who started the story has been calmly interviewed up one side and down the other, and has admitted the man's particular friends and he solemnly swears that he never said it. Not only this; but he tears his hair and rends his lines, the exclamation that he "never saw anything improper." So another "he" is exposed, and the Kentucky Commonwealth is on with flying colors and defies anybody to knock a chip off his shoulders. Hurrah for the member from the Ninth—Richmond Register.

Expose to rough weather, getting wet, being damp, getting cold, and the like, the contraction of diseases of the kidneys and bladder. As a preventive, and for the cure of all kidney and liver trouble, use that valuable remedy, Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balsam \$100 per bottle. Sold by G. B. Swango, Hazel Green.

There will be a meeting of the citizens of this county at the court house Thurs day, Jan. 5th, 1888, at 7 o'clock to take into consideration the extension of the Coal road to Hazelton, Breathitt county, Ky., and a branch road intersecting it at that point, leading to the coal road at West Liberty, Morgan county. Esq. Jas. Chorn, who has been corresponding with Mr. C. P. Huntington through General Echoes on this subject, will address the meeting and present a proposition with authority—Sentinel-Democrat.

Under exposure to cold winds, rain, wet, being damp, getting cold, and the like, the contraction of diseases of the kidneys and bladder. As a preventive, and for the cure of all kidney and liver trouble, use that valuable remedy, Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthener Eye Salve will subdue the inflammation, cool and soothe the nerves, and strengthen the eye ball and falling eye sight. 25 cents box. Sold by G. B. Swango, Hazel Green.

The revenue Clans Spreckles derives from sugar has been as high as \$18,000 a day.

To every person who will send us \$9 and name and address, we will send THE HERALD one year free.

Timber & Lands WANTED.

WANTED—For an English Syndicate—

large tracts of

Virgin Timber & Mineral Lands

in Kentucky, at LOWEST WILD LAND

PRICES. Must be accessible to Railroad or

good floating streams.

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Give full particulars.

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223m Lock Box 46 Charleston, W. Va.

1888.

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The Ninth Term Begins
MONDAY, Jan. 2, 1888,
and ends FRIDAY, May
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New, clean, large, well-ventilated buildings, furnished with new improved school furniture.

Full Corps Competent Teachers.

Tuition, Board and Incidental Expenses Reasonable.

For further information call or address

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Land : Agents,

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Have several thousand acres of fine timber, mineral and farming lands in Wolfe and adjoining counties for sale. Write for descriptive list and terms.

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HAVING FITTED UP A FIRST-CLASS

STABLE and provided myself with

good saddle and harness horses and vehicles

and will select the suitable patronage.

For horses bought and sold on commission and for the horses of all kinds for

all who desire my services. All charges reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.

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We will put on sale the best value in an

UNLAUNDRIED SHIRT,

Ever offered in Lexington.

A White Shirt at 39 Cents.

We have and can show you more Overcoats than all the clothing houses in Lexington together, and at prices that will astonish you.

Louis & Gus Straus,

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Christmas : Announcement!

In anticipation of the usual demand for Christmas and Holiday Goods, We have recently purchased an immense line of NOVELTIES for each of our

5 FIVE DEPARTMENTS 5

These goods we are just opening, and will now

SHOW FOR THE FIRST TIME.

We have added a New Department for the especial display of ART GOODS, including a handsome line of Bronzes, Bisques, Vases, Figures, Busts, &c., Just the things for appropriate and acceptable presents.

C. F. BROWER & CO., CARPETS, FURNITURE, WALL PAPER, DRAPERY, ART GOODS,

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